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BLOOD POISON

If you ever contracted any Blood Disease you are never safe unless the virus of poison has been eradicated from the system. At times you see alarming symptoms, but live in hopes no serious results will follow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore throat, ulcers on the tongue or in the mouth, hair falling out, skin eruptions, itching of the skin, sores or blotches on the body, eyes red and smarting, dyspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—indications of the secondary stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't ruin your system with the old fogy treatment—mercury and potash—which only suppress the symptoms for a time only to break out again when happy in domestic life. Don't let quicks experiment on you. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT is guaranteed to cure you. Our guarantees are backed by bank bonds that the disease will never return. Thousands of patients have been already cured by our NEW METHOD TREATMENT for over 20 years, and no return of the disease. No experiment, no risk—not a "patch up," but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and dependency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially. We will cure you or no pay. We treat and cure NERVOUS DEBILITY, SEXUAL WEAKNESS, EMISSIONS, SYMPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, KIDNEY and BLADDER DISEASES, and all diseases peculiar to men and women. Cures guaranteed.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weak eyes? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. Consultation free. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. Books free. "The Golden Monitor" (Illustrated) on Diseases of men. "Diseases of Women." "The Wages of Sin." "Varicocele, Stricture and Gleet." All sent Free sealed.

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OLD SAYINGS IN RHYME.

As poor as a church mouse, as thin as a rail,
As fat as a porpoise, as rough as a gale,
As brave as a lion, as sly as a cat,
As bright as a sixpence, as weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock, as sly as a fox,
As mad as a March hare, as strong as an ox,
As fair as a lily, as empty as air,
As rich as was Croesus, as cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel, as neat as a pin,
As smart as a steel trap, as ugly as sin,
As dead as a door nail, as white as a sheet,
As flat as a pancake, as red as a beet.

As round as an apple, as black as your hat,
As brown as a berry, as blind as a bat,
As mean as a miser, as full as a tick,
As plump as a partridge, as sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny, as dark as a pall,
As hard as a millstone, as bitter as gall,
As fine as a fiddle, as clear as a bell,
As dry as a herring, as deep as a well.

As light as a feather, as hard as a rock,
As stiff as a poker, as calm as a clock,
As green as a gosling, as brisk as a bee,
And now let me stop, lest you weary of me.

CARL, THE COWARD.

One evening in June, 1886, three young men were seated about a campfire in the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado. They were Harry Purdy, Charlie Cassidy and Karl Maynard, and were three of a party of five who had come from eastern Kansas on a hunting and trapping expedition. The other two members were Carl Carrol and the famous old hunter and guide, Kit Carson.

At that time the Indians were not on the warpath so much as they had been, but were not to be trusted, and Karl kept a sharp lookout for them. Karl's companions were old hunters, and the veteran Indian-fighter would have felt no fears whatever; but the four were youths of sixteen to nineteen years, and he thought it necessary to be careful. The boys were fearless, however, and Kit knew they would fight, if brought to the pinch.

There was one thing, however: The three boys, Harry, Charlie and Karl, had gotten into their heads that Karl was a coward. Their reason for thinking so was because he was afraid of the dark. He would not venture outside the confines of the camp after nightfall, for any consideration—at any rate he had refused to do so thus far.

Carl's companions had laughed at him, often, for this—that is, the boys had. The old scout had not. He had listened to the jeering remarks of the three youths in silence, and had looked at Carl in a searching manner, as if studying him to see what he thought about the matter was not apparent, until this evening of which we write, when he came into camp and heard the three youths planning to "scare Carl out of his boots, and cure him of his foolishness," as they expressed it. Then Kit declared himself.

"You can go ahead and try your plan, if you like," he said, "but you will find you have made a mistake. Carl is no coward."

"You wait and see!" laughed Harry Purdy. "If we can get him away from the camp after dark, we'll lay for him and scare him half to death as he comes back. 'Sh! Here he comes now.'"

Carl was a handsome, fair-haired, blue-eyed youth of seventeen years, and he entered the camp, whistling cheerily.

"Hello! All here ahead of me, eh?" he cried. "And supper's ready. Good! I'm hungry as a bear."

The boys exchanged glances, but said nothing, and supper was eaten almost in silence.

Nothing was said until darkness had come, and then Harry spoke up:

"That's terrible about that family being cooped up in the old stone cabin over in Miller's basin, isn't it?" he said soberly.

"It is, for a fact," assented Charlie Cassidy.

Carl was interested at once.

"What family is that?" he asked.

"A family bound for California," said Harry. "They are in that old stone cabin—you know where it is—surrounded by Indians. There's a man, his wife and two children, a boy and girl."

"How do you know this?" Carl asked.

"The boy was here a few minutes ago. He escaped and slipped through the Indians' lines. He has gone back to the fort for help."

Carl leaped to his feet and seized his rifle.

"What are you going to do?" asked Harry.

"What am I going to do?" repeated Carl, his teeth set, his lips compressed; "why, I'm going to the assistance of that family!"

"But you can do them no good, and will lose your own life," said Charlie. "There are a hundred Indians!"

"I don't care if there are a thousand!" cried Carl. "I'm going, and I'm ashamed of you for not having gone at once! Suppose it were your father, mother and sister! How would you feel? Come and go with me."

The boys shook their heads.

"No," said Harry. "We can't afford to throw our lives away. If you go, you will have to go alone."

"All right!" said Carl. "I am going. Good-bye!" and, turning, he left the camp and disappeared in the darkness.

Kit Carson looked at the boys, and smiled grimly.

"What did I tell you?" he said quietly. "He has more genuine 'sand' than the three of you put together."

The boys winced, and looked nettled. "I don't believe it," declared Charlie Cassidy. "He'll be back in a few minutes, scared half to death."

"I think not," said Kit; "and if I were you, I would give up yawning and trying to frighten him. He will shoot, if you do, and some of you will get hurt."

The boys decided that this was good advice, so they remained at the camp, waiting and listening for the return of their companion from his fruitless quest.

Three-quarters of an hour passed, and still no signs of the return of Carl. The boys began to feel uneasy, and when, away to the southwest, sounded the muffled reports of a Winchester, one after another, at unequal intervals, they became wildly excited.

"It's Carl!" they cried. "He has been attacked by Indians! Oh, Kit! let us go to his assistance at once!"

The old scout had arisen to his feet at the sound of the first report, and was examining his weapons.

"Come," he said, "we will see what the trouble is," and he struck out in the direction of the stone cabin, followed by the three youths.

Carl knew where the old cabin was, and he headed for it, and walked as rapidly as possible.

It was about two miles distant, and Carl was nearly three-quarters of an hour in reaching it. He was careful in approaching, and stole through the timber noiseless as a shadow. He reached the door of the cabin, and pounded on it gently, so as to not make a noise that could be heard any great distance.

"Who is there?" came in a woman's voice from within.

"A friend," replied Carl. "Open the door."

"Thank Heaven!" he heard the woman say, and then a wild whoop rent the atmosphere, and a volley of rifle shots sounded, the bullets rattling about like rain!

The Indians had discovered Carl! Before another volley could be fired the door opened, and the boy leaped into the room beyond. Then he closed the door and barred it. None too soon, either. The next instant crash came some heavy body against the door, jarring it terribly!

Carl glanced about him. On the floor, badly wounded, was a man. The woman was trying to staunch the flow of blood from the man's wounds, while in one corner was a little girl, crying in a heart-broken way.

Carl saw more. He must turn his attention to fighting off the Indians.

He did so, and made such a lively fight that the red demons were kept off till Kit Carson and the boys arrived, and they opened upon the scoundrels with such deadly effect as to drive them from the vicinity in disorder.

The lives of the members of the little family were saved. The trick, the boys had tried to play—for they did not know the family was in the old cabin—had operated well. The family was on its way to Arizona, had been attacked by the Indians, driven to the shelter of the old cabin, and they would have been murdered in cold blood but for the opportune arrival of Carl.

The man was not mortally wounded, and the family stayed at the camp until he got well, before proceeding on their journey.

The three boys never called Carl a coward again.

Where Pins Go.

Every individual who lives to grow up has in all probability asked, at some time in his life, what becomes of all the pins that are manufactured and lost, says Harper's Bazar. An old gentleman in London has prepared himself to answer the question. By a series of experiments conducted in his back garden he has discovered that they go the way of all flesh and are resolved into dust. Hair pins which he watched for 154 days, disappeared at the end of that time, having been resolved into a ferrous oxide, a brownish rust, which was blown away by the wind as it formed; bright pins took nearly eighteen months to disappear; polished steel needles nearly two years and a half; brass pins had but little endurance; steel pins at the end of fifteen months had nearly gone, while their wooden holders were still intact. Pencils, with which he also experimented, suffered little by exposure; the lead was unharmed and the cedar almost as good as new; but, then, nobody has ever asked the question about pencils and he might have spared himself his pains.

Riviera Newspaper.

A daily English newspaper is to be started in the Riviera. About a quarter of a million people visit the Riviera during the winter months, and of these at least a third are English or Americans, who heretofore were forced to send to Paris for newspapers in their own language. The new publication will be called the Riviera Daily.

A Boston Landmark.

Faneuil Hall has fallen into such a dilapidated condition that a guard has been stationed on the second floor of the building to warn visitors away from weak spots in the flooring and to keep them from leaning against the rotten posts that support the gallery. The building is soon to be reconstructed.

This is the season when a man puts in an oil stove to warm his bedroom, and has to open all the windows to let the odor out.—Acheson Globe.

A Cross Clerk

Is a rarity. For the most part the young woman behind the counter is smiling and obliging, though her back hurts, her side pains, or her head throbs distractingly. The wonder is, not that a clerk is sometimes irritable, but that she so rarely shows irritation, when every nerve is quivering and she hardly knows how to hold her head up.

The nervous condition, headache and weakness, which are the results of irregularity or a diseased condition of the womanly organs, can be entirely cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It regulates the functions, stops enfeebling drains, strengthens the nervous system and promotes the general health of the entire body.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free of charge.

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Having used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and "Golden Medical Discovery" during the past year, writes Mrs. Mable Long, of the Valley, N. Y. Co., Pa.: "I can truthfully recommend the medicines for all female weaknesses. I have used several bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' which I consider a great blessing for weak women. I was so nervous and disordered that I hardly knew what to do. Your kind advice for home-treatment helped me wonderfully. Thanks to Dr. Pierce."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure dizziness and sick headache.

For the Kitchen.

The whites of eggs should be beaten with a clean knife.

Eggs may be roughly tested by placing them in cold water; the fresher the egg the more rapidly it will sink.

State bread is delicious for breakfast if it is quickly dipped in milk and heated in the oven. This may be done either with whole small loaves or with bread cut in wafers or slices.

As the nursery is a room where the infant spends most of his time, especially the first few months of his life, let it be one of the brightest, sunniest have a southern exposure, if possible, rooms in the house. In a city house have it in one of the upper stories where the sunlight lingers longest and

No Private Interview.

"Could I have a few minutes' private conversation with you?" he asked as he stood at the open door of a lawyer's office in the Loan and Trust Building the other afternoon.

"Can't you speak right out from where you are?" asked the lawyer in reply after looking the man over.

"I'd rather make a private matter of it."

"What is the nature of your business?"

"Confidential—strictly private and confidential, sir."

"Well, I have no time to grant you a private interview. If you have any thing to say, you can let'er go right now. Now, what is it?"

"I—I want the loan of a quarter, sir," stammered the man.

"Oh, you did! And you wanted a private interview to ask me that?"

"Yes, sir. I knew that if would hurt both our feelings if I were refused in public—yourself because you couldn't afford to loan me the money and mine because I couldn't get it. Can you grant my request sir?"

"No, sir."

"And does it hurt your feelings?"

"Not a bit. You are mistaken on that point."

"And my feelings are the only ones hurt?"

"Yours alone."

"Just so," said the man as he bowed and backed out. "I beg your pardon. I was mistaken. You have the money and no feelings, and I have the feelings and no money. Impossible chasm; no use in trying to bridge. Good day."

It is human nature to condemn what we do not understand.—Dr. Wm. Hirsch.

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Must Bear Signature of

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This Order invites men to provide at small cost for their dependants when they are called away. It saves from suffering and privation those who are left to battle in the struggles for life, and does this at a cost so moderate that every good citizen can be a participant in its benefits and the protection it affords.

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Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marshall, organist and choir-master of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, will receive pupils in singing, voice development, piano and organ. Classes in sight singing and church psalmody. Residence Park Street, directly opposite Dr. Battisb's residence.

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Special attention given to students to prepare them thoroughly to compete for examination honors.

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